

The Indian Missionary Record

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Lebret, Sask.

May 1, 1941



The Qu'Appelle Indian School Band, 1940

We are happy to present a picture of our Indian Boys Band; this cut is supplied through the courtesy of the Editor of the Valley Echo, Fort San; the band will participate in the local Festival, at Indian Head, on April 29th, with two selections entitled: "Dance of the Sorcerers" and "Dawn in the Forest" (class B selections); Mr. Hubert McCue will also play a cornet solo, "Espanita." Fr. G. Laviolette, O.M.I., has been the conductor of the Boys' Band for the last four years. In 1941 the membership of the band has been increased to 30.

Fr. M. de Bretagne, O.M.I., principal of the school is seen on the picture, standing at the foot of the steps.

CHURCH CALENDAR FOR MAY

- 1—Thursday: St. Philip and James, Apostles.
- 4—3rd Sunday after Easter. Gospel: In a little while. (Jn. xvi, 16-22)
- 11—4th Sunday after Easter. Gospel: I go to the Father. (Jn. 16:15)
- 18—5th Sunday after Easter. Gospel: Ask the Father in my Name. (Jn. 16:23-30).
- 22—Ascension Thursday (Holy Day of Obligation).
- 25—Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension. Gospel: When the Paraclete shall come. (Jn. 15: 26-27, 16:1-4).
- 31—Sat., vigil of Pentecost, day of fast and abstinence.

QU'APPELLE INDIAN SCHOOL

Lebret, Sask.

Notice—Parents desiring to have their children admitted at the Qu'Appelle Indian School, next September, are requested to sign their admission blanks as early as possible. On account of the war, the Indian Department has restricted the number of children to be admitted in boarding schools, and it is therefore necessary that the Principal knows the number of children to be admitted in the fall. We ask for your co-operation; you can either interview the Principal, or the Missionaries who visit your Reserves. Do not delay, as you might be disappointed if you wait until September to have your children admitted.

M. deBretagne, O.M.I., Principal.

His Excellency Msgr. Monahan will visit Indian Schools

The Archbishop of Regina will administer Confirmation to sixty Indian children at Lebret, Sask., on May 4, in the afternoon. On the following days His Grace will visit successively:

May 5th—Marieval Indian School;

May 6th—Lestock Indian School;

May 7th—St. Philip's School.

Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen.

Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society.

ST. PHILIP'S SCHOOL NEWS

Mar. 12—The Gay Ramblers met in the big classroom. Mrs. Bryant attended. She praised the members for the manner in which they were carrying on their Junior Red Cross meetings. She also brought wool of various colors for the girls to knit things for the refugees. Many thanks to Mrs. Bryant for her visit.

Mar. 19—Our hockey boys had their final games with the Kamsack teams. Our Pee Wees remained unbeaten for their fifth encounter of the season, while our Juveniles, relying on a few expupils to reinforce their lines, boldly challenged the Kamsack Senior hockey team, but after a fierce battle were badly beaten.

Mar. 22—As the ice was soft on the rink Saturday, the boys put up a Chinese checkers contest indoors. After several games Dolphis Musqua and Russell Southwind were leading on points. In the playoff Dolphis came out champion.

Mar. 24—Wilfrid Campeau and Dolphis Musqua were given a birthday party when they reached their 16th year, on March 6th and 24th respectively. They were discharged on Mar. 31st. Two new boys took their place in school: Roland Campeau and Noel Genaille.

Reserve News

Mar. 25—Talk about luck! A party of Indians from the Keesekoose Reserve were out on a hunting trip in March. Luck was not so good. The first day, that is on March 25, the boys got a bear and a cub, this we thought was the start of a lucky day, but we walked all the rest of the day, nothing, no fresh tracks of moose; we got back to camp all tired out. The next morning we went out again, we divided and started in different directions. I was with Henry. We found fresh tracks of moose and the other party were following some tracks too. Suddenly Henry saw the moose through the bush some distance away. Quickly he raised his rifle and bang! Henry wouldn't miss a chance for anything. It was a sure shot. But there was a man with the moose. The man was safe—but the horse? Well, that was tough luck. The moose, of course, was not there and had all the luck, for the hunters tracked to camp after that.

Louis Quewezance.

Born to:

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Kakakway (Keesekoose), Nov. 3rd, Stella, Edna.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Whitehawk (Cote), Dec. 24, Grace, Vivian.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brass (Keesekoose), Jan. 9, Lillian, Annabelle.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Straightnose (Cote), Jan. 10, James, Leslie.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ironstand (Valley River), Jan. 10, Mary-Ann.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Tourangeau (Cote), Jan. 15, Joseph, Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Genaille (Valley River), Feb. 5th, Mary, Rose.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Severight (Cote), Feb. 14th, Rita, Violet.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Genaille (Cote), Mar. 2nd, Martha, Louise.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry-Geo. Musqua (Keesekoose), March 19, Mary, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Quewezance (Keesekoose), March 20, Cora, Jean.

FORT ALEXANDER

On March 15th, the girls who had the highest notes for the last six months, visited the lumber camp about eleven miles from here. After visiting around the camp we had our lunch in the camp-kitchen. What a big lunch! Sandwiches, cake, biscuits, peanuts and apples. It was, indeed, exceedingly delicious. On our way back it was quite stormy, but no one was cold.

On Sunday evening, March 16th, the same girls and a few boys went to Pine Falls to hear Dr. Grant from the University of Manitoba, speak. We met with a disappointment. The gentleman did not come.

We had a concert in honour of Father Principal on the 18th of March. We celebrated his feast on the 19th. We presented him with some children's clothes, along with the money each class saved up for the Red Cross. The clothes will be sold and the money given for the same purpose. Father Principal was very pleased with the concert and the gifts.

On the 19th we had Mass at 7:30. The children sang and prayed very well. It was a holiday all day. We would have gone for a sleigh ride, but it was stormy. However, we had a splendid day. In the morning we went out skating, and in the afternoon we played bingo till four. Then the girls roller skated for about an hour and a half.

When March 26 came around, it was the boys turn to visit the camp. Father Principal was left alone. I am sure you can never guess what! He asked the six biggest girls to have dinner with him in the refectory. It was a lovely dinner and no one felt shy.

The 28th of March brought joy and excitement to all. We were going for a long ride. We started off at 9:30, the big girls in one sleigh, the boys in one, and the smaller girls in another. A number of small girls stayed at school, as the trip was to be very long. We had our dinner outside at Thompson's camp. After dinner we kept on going farther. Those who cared to do so, walked behind the sleigh. We had beautiful weather. It wasn't long before we reached the Mission at Hillside Beach. We visited the church and the Father's house. On leaving there we went to visit an old man 103 years of age, who is the grandfather of some children in school. Coming back everyone was singing and having a lot of fun. It was the grandest ride we ever had.

Antoinette Kipling (Grade 8)

LESTOCK, SASK.

April 22nd.—A concert was organized by the staff of the Indian school, to honour the nameday of their principal, Rev. Fr. Georges Jeannotte, O.M.I. Mr. Waddy, Mr. Hunt, Fathers from the Lebreton Indian School, and Seminary were present.

Outstanding in the program were the "Little Japanese", and the Mouth Organ Band. The latter does very well, and gets the children prepared to take more extensive music studies next year. A class of organ pupils will be organized.

At the close of the program, Mr. Waddy praised the staff for their devotion to the Indian children, and for the successful entertainment they had given this evening.

SANDY BAY RECORD

Feb. 20.—This morning, at 9 o'clock, we are asked to go down to the chapel. It is for a marriage. A former school girl is the newly-wed. We sang and did our best in honor of our former companion. After this, Father took their picture and showed it to us in a moving-picture given on the 19th of March.

Feb. 25.—We do not know what is going to happen, but we see the Sisters busy preparing baskets. It must be for us. How anxious we are to see. Yes, it is a little evening reunion. The recreation hall is all decorated and there is a stand on which a great number of very appetizing baskets are placed. We are asking one another for whom they are and if all will have one. At 7 o'clock in the evening boys and girls are in the girls' playroom, the Sisters are all with us, as well as Rev. Fathers Comeau and Baillargeon. These baskets are prepared as a reward for those who have taken an active part in the campaign to speak English, now going on in the school. It was an auction sale and each one could bid and buy a basket with his tokens. Those who had earned the most have bigger and nicer baskets, but all of us were satisfied. Those who had not worked hard must have taken, I imagine, a good resolution of doing better in case something similar might take place in the future. Rev. Fr. Comeau was our auctioneer. Then, to finish the evening, there was a boxing match. We all thank Father, who suggested and helped to give such a pleasant surprise before lent.

Feb. 26.—Ash-Wednesday. We had a high-mass at nine o'clock, followed by the imposition of ashes. The exercises for lent take place on Wednesday and Friday. A great number assist.

March 1.—During this month consecrated to our patron St. Joseph, we have Benediction every night. On Wednesday Father makes an allocution.

March 19.—On the Feast of St. Joseph we all do our best to sing his praises. Father gave a short sermon both at Mass and Benediction.

March 25.—Since a few months the girls have asked their teacher if it would be possible for them to be received as Children of Mary. Again and again did they make the same demand, but Sister kept telling them that they must wait a little and that those whose conduct would be judged satisfactory might be admitted. After a preparation of a few weeks, nine of them were received as aspirants and they will make their real consecration to Mary, as her children, at the end of May. All are very glad to be enrolled under the banner of the Immaculate Virgin and wear a green ribbon around their neck with a medal of the Virgin.

April 7.—Fr. Comeau announces a moving picture for after Benediction; proceeds are for the church. All enjoy a very nice evening.

April 20.—Today is really a grand day of happiness. At Low Mass many children made their First Communion. The girls, dressed in white with white veils and the boys in their blue suits, white armlet around their arm, entered the chapel in procession at the sound of the music. Father spoke to the first communicants. In the evening Father gave us some moving pictures and this time when the people paid their entrance he gave them a ticket which gave them a chance to win 25 lbs. of flour given by Mr. Roy to be raffled for the church. At the end of the evening a cake was also raffled. Mr. Johnny Beaulieu and Mr. Alfred Roulette were the lucky winners of the prizes.

AGRICULTURE AND BUILDING CUSTOMS AMONG EARLY INDIANS DESCRIBED BY CHRISTIANSON

Although the plains Indians were living in a stone age culture when the white men came, yet in some places, notably in northern Manitoba they had copper vessels, beaten from native copper and not obtained from white traders. This was one of many interesting facts revealed by Mr. Christianson of the department of Indian Affairs in a talk on Friday to Archaeological society. Mr. Christianson spent his boyhood among the Indians of Manitoba when settlers were few, and learned much of their ingenious ways and lines of thought from his friend a medicine man. Because of many years of service in an official capacity he is on familiar terms with many notable chiefs.

Some tribes made their houses of long strips of birch bark sewn at each end to a stick, said Mr. Christianson. These were placed one above the other overlapping like shingles. When the time came to move, these were rolled up, to be again unrolled and attached to tent poles at the new camp. In British Columbia they had long houses made of slabs similar to those used by the Hurons of Ontario, each housing about 20 families.

As to culinary arrangements in Indian homes the boiled dinner was prepared by placing the meat with water in a birch bark container after which hot stones were dropped into the water to bring it to a cooking heat. When a roast dish was required the chef plastered clay over the feathers of a wild duck or goose and placed it in the embers. When it was done to a turn the clay now baked hard was broken off taking the feathers with it and the bird was ready to serve. One knife of flint or bone answered for the whole family.

Agriculture among the Indians of old days was very simple. A small patch was cleared of brush mainly by fire because stone axes are dull. Then with the aid of a digging stick armed at the end with a piece of shell the soil was stirred and a crop of maize, beans, and squash was planted. One other crop was harvested without being planted, wild rice which grows in shallow water. In the fall the Indian took his canoe among the rice and bending the tall stalks over the canoe he knocked the seeds into the bottom. He unloaded his canoe at intervals leaving the women to do the winnowing.

Mr. Christianson described the stone axes, adzes, chisels and gouges used in hollowing large trees to make a canoe. Fire played a part in saving labor as the stone tools were not sharp. Many questions were asked and a note of thanks was tendered to Mr. Christianson.

(Regina Leader-Post, March 26, 1941)



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Cum permissu superiorum.

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EDITORIAL

FLOWER DAY

Every year, in the spring, comes a day when the Indians clean up the cemeteries, and decorate the graves with flowers. Usually the missionary sings a Requiem Mass, and this is followed by the decorating of the graves with fresh or artificial flowers. The rest of the day is spent as a picnic, with meals in the open, and sports.

While I do not object to the entertainment part of the program, I would like to point out that the first thing that one must have in mind on that day, is to pray for the dead. This has been the custom of the Church since its beginning. Judas Machabeus, the Jewish warrior, "sent twelve thousands drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead." And Scripture praises him for this, saying: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sin." (II Mach. xii, 43, 46).

Living in the hope of a glorious resurrection, we must pray for the souls of the faithful departed; on flower-day, High Mass is offered for those who died within the year. Every one should make it a point of duty to be present at that Mass.

The graveyard is a blessed place; it is a place of rest; therefore we must treat it with respect and care. It is now the time to see that the fence is in good repair; that crosses are erected over the graves; the paths must be cleaned and raked; weeds must be pulled out and gathered to be burnt.

It is also required that a large cross be erected in the center of the cemetery.

Every community should take pride in its cemetery. A few hours of work every spring are sufficient to whitewash the fence, straighten the crosses. Every family should take care of its graves; there are quite a number of graves without crosses. This should be remedied without delay.

By doing these things you will show that traditional respect for the dead, which is the honor of the Indians. By praying for the dead, you will renew your faith in the resurrection of the bodies, and you will remember the beautiful words of Job: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and I my flesh I shall see my God. (Job xix-25-26).

G. L., O.M.I.

"Over Dunkerque" is a story which exemplifies the deep traditional devotion of the Catholic Church to the Mother of God. It brings to our minds the actual help that Mary can give to her children. Read "Over Dunkerque", on page 5. It is reproduced by permission of "Eikon", Montreal, Canada.

WATCH YOUR WORDS

Keep a watch on your words, my brother. For words are wonderful things. They are sweet like the bee's fresh honey. Like the bees they have wonderful stings. They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine, and brighten a lonely life. They can cut the strife of anger like an open two-edged knife. Let them pass through your lips unchallenged. If their errand is true and kind—if they come to support the weary, to comfort and help the blind; if a bitter, revengeful spirit prompt the words—let them pass unsaid; they may flash through a brain like lightning, or fall on a hearth like lead. Keep them back if they're cold and cruel, under a lock and seal. The wounds that they make, my brother, are always slow to heal. May peace guard your life and ever, from time of your early youth, may the words that you utter daily, be



OVER DUNKERQUE

Stranger Than Fiction

By A. W. O'Brien

After every great battle overseas, the big stories are immediately told. The little but often superb "human-interest" stories take time in trickling through. In the latter category belongs this side drama from Dunkerque. It is typical of the fascinating tales with a Catholic angle that reach the ears of our Canadian Active Service Force Padres now in England.

A big Wellington mid-wing two-motored monoplane stood in the darkness of an R.A.F. airdrome somewhere in England. To its ample belly, aircraftsmen were attaching a huge load of high-explosive bombs.

The crew was made up of six men: a flight Lieutenant in command, a co-pilot, navigator, wireless operator and two gunners.

The flight Lieutenant was a hard-bitten veteran of 24. His eyes remained continually cold. His smile had an unpleasantly cynical twist to it. But his name was definitely established in the R.A.F. ace listings. He had been only recently transferred from the fighters to highly important bombing work.

"Well, Dublin," he said to one of the air gunners, a young Irish lad who had enlisted shortly after the outbreak of war, "You'll need all your hocus-pocus tonight—this has all the earmarks of a real show."

Dublin blushed as the others laughed. The "hocus-pocus" referred to by the commander dealt with the lad's habit of making the sign of the cross, saying a few prayers and finally wrapping his rosary around his right wrist before taking off on raiding jaunts.

"I don't know how you papists straighten out your philosophy," continued the Lieutenant. "You say the rosary has a religious significance but as far as I'm concerned it carries the same value as a rabbit's foot—you think it brings you luck. Last Thursday over that Ypenburg drome I saw you take aim at the Messerschmitt 110 with the hand that carried the prayer beads. When it comes to killing people I'd think you would keep such supposedly sacred articles out of it."

A silence fell on the group. All looked at Dublin.

"It may look funny to you, sir," he replied, "but there's no conflict in my mind. You see, sir, we're bound by our religion to serve our country. We're also entitled to defend ourselves to the absolute limit. In this war, I believe I'm fighting the forces of anti-religion and feel that God and the blessed Virgin are on our side. I pray because I feel afraid and I find it gives me courage. Wrapping the rosary around my wrist is just an idea of my own."

The Lieutenant laughed. "O.K., Dublin, have it your own way, but keep on getting the Heinies as you have been doing and I won't kick; but don't let me catch you absorbed in prayer when any Heinkel 113's are buzzing around tonight. We've been assigned to help cover the retreat to Dunkerque by blowing up anything in the way of roads. Let's roll!"

A few minutes later the six were climbing into the Wellington. They were clad in sheepskin-lined mole-skins and thick helmets. All wore parachutes. The navigator carried a large chart. The Lieutenant took the controls. Dublin was in the forward gun turret located in the plane's nose. Operated hydraulically, it enabled the gunner to swing his machine guns in a complete circle despite strong air pressure.

The Wellington's motors broke into a sullen roar and the heavily-loaded plane began moving down the runway to turn into the flare path—a line of ten dim lights strung across the field. The motors took on a new tone and the bomber picked up speed. The tail lifted, then the wheels were clear, only to bump back to earth under the terrific burden. Up again, the Wellington cleared the trees at the end of the field by the scant margin of 15 feet!

The moon peeked through ominous clouds. The Lieutenant's mouth twisted into its cynical smile. He nudged the officer in the co-pilot's seat and pointed to the forward gun turret where, in the moonlight, Dublin could be seen wrapping his rosary around his wrist. His lips were clearly moving in prayer.

Within 20 minutes, the Wellington was over Dunkerque. It flew at 20,000 feet. Orders were to keep on going to a point well beyond Dunkerque and behind the advancing Nazi columns to bomb the roads traveled by the supply columns.

From that height it was impossible to see the fiercely wonderful fight in the Dunkerque harbor, but blazing fires and the flashes of guns could plainly be seen.

"Must be quite a show going on," yelled the co-pilot.

The Lieutenant nodded. Down below he was watching the shadows of planes in a dogfight above the channel at about 7,000.

Suddenly there came a warning yell from the navigator. He was pointing frantically out the starboard window where, clearly outlined in a stretch of moonlit sky, was a flight of seven Dornier 17's, their swastikas plainly evident! With the bombers were Heinkel 113's.

The Lieutenant cursed himself for having allowed the show below to distract his attention. A number of escorting Heinkels had left the Dorniers and were streaking towards the lone British bomber. These single bomber attacks generally carried a surprise element but it was bad business when they got caught.

The Lieutenant banked into a steep sideslip. Lightning shot from the panel board ahead of him as a shower of lead pierced the plane. A quick glance confirmed his fear—the co-pilot was lolling back in his seat, half of his head shot off!

From ahead, the Lieutenant heard a sudden burst of machine gun fire. Dublin was tearing loose. There was only one thing to do with the speedier Heinkels:

fight them. The Wellington zoomed suddenly and Dublin found himself staring through his gun sights squarely at the tanks of a Heinkel. His trigger finger bent and the Nazi went to pieces in a bright explosion.

The Lieutenant shoved the control column straight ahead and the nose of the bomber pointed earthwards. He was tossing the Wellington around in unorthodox fashion hoping it would give his gunner on the tail a crack at anything coming from an upper level.

But no blast came from the rear — that meant something must have happened to the rear gunner. The Lieutenant yelled for the navigator to leave his post and take over the rear gun. The navigator began going aft in the rolling plane, stumbling over the wireless operator who had evidently been caught in the first blast.

The Wellington leveled out and from ahead came the br-r-r of Dublin's guns. He was wheeling around in the hydraulic gun turret spraying machine gun fire on all sides. The sky seemed filled with swastikas. Another Heinkel was coming straight for the Wellington. A flash from one of its cannons was followed by a screeching sound in the Wellington. The Lieutenant was covered with glass. The small shell had evidently plowed the length of the plane and the Wellington was wobbling badly. From behind and below came a ripping sound: machine-gun spray from planes below! The Lieutenant groaned. His left arm was definitely shattered and blood was trickling down his right arm from an elbow wound that hurt terribly. But he could still move the fingers of his right hand. The pain was intense. He yelled for the navigator but a quick glance showed him the navigator hadn't even reached the rear of the plane. He was sprawled over the collapsible raft.

Fire was starting to blaze midway in the Wellington. The Lieutenant kicked the rudder wildly and looked ahead. Dublin was waving excitedly in evident glee. Then he saw the commander beckoning and made his way back.

"Great flying, sir, we got three, maybe four..." He stopped abruptly as he saw the fire. Frantically, he looked for the extinguishers, but the inside of the cabin was a bullet-torn shambles. There was no choice—he dragged over the wireless operator's body and threw it onto the burning patch.

Dublin returned to the commander, a wide grin crossing his freckled face, "You should have seen that Heinie with the cannon, sir. I think I shot straight down the barrel."

"Never mind that, Dublin," the commander groaned, "we're in a bad way. The plane is shot to pieces. We seem to be over English soil again and I don't dare unload my heavy explosives. We've got to watch for a flare path and try to land her. I've only got one good hand but it's weakening. You'd better grab the control column and do what I tell you!"

Dublin didn't hesitate. He half sat on the knee of the commander, whose face had turned ghastly pale. Sweat dripped from his brow onto Dublin's back.

"Pray hard, Dublin—pray for a flare path and I'll say, 'Amen,'" he muttered. And from Dublin's lips began falling the sacred words of the Hail Mary.

The rest was a nightmare. They spotted a feeble flare path and with the wounded man directing, Dublin piloted the big, sick Wellington across wind at a moderate angle about 700 feet up. Emergency flares were popping below; a turn into the wind and a straight descent at 120 miles per hour. He turned the Wellington across wind and came into a landing

path—throttle back—lowered flaps and adjusted speed—20 feet up now!

"Pull back the control column!" came the Lieutenant's voice. "Close the throttle gradually—Dublin, ease..." There came a heavy bump followed by two light ones, "We made it, kid." His main right hand reached out, half clutched at the rod around Dublin's wrist.

The medical officer on duty pushed his way to the battered cabin and hurriedly stripped off the Lieutenant's coat and shirt. He was dead. The medical officer marveled—a splinter of steel had plainly pierced the man's chest and penetrated the heart!

"Good heavens, gunner!" he said looking up. "You could only have got that steel in the fight up there several minutes ago—you've been flying with a dead man as pilot!"

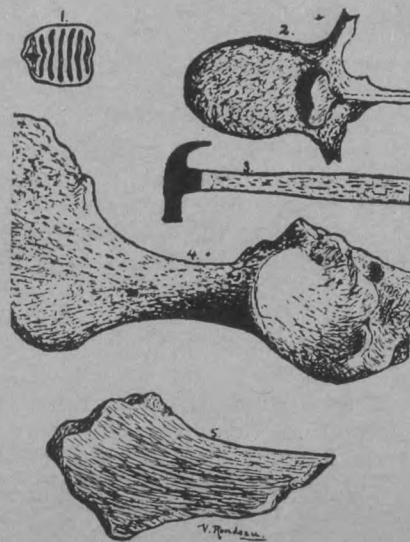
But Dublin wasn't listening. He was gazing in awe at the dead flier's neck from which was suspended, upon a golden chain, our Lady's scapular medal.

MAMMOTH BONES FOUND NEAR LEBRET, SASKATCHEWAN

A short time ago half-breed road workers near Lebreton, Sask. (just a few miles from the Fort Qu'Appelle Sanatorium) unearthed some bones of a strange appearance. Great was the excitement locally when authorities pronounced these to be the bones of mammoth, and estimated that they must be at least 20,000 years old.

The mammoth, progenitor of the modern elephant, had inhabited the temperate parts of the northern world during the glacial period, surviving until the Neolithic period of human history. The animal was about the same size as the modern Asiatic elephant, and was covered with a thick skin clothed with long dark hair and woolly fur, and had two large tusks.

Dr. V. Rondeau, a dentist of Rouleau, Sask., who is greatly interested in the history of prehistoric animals, obtained possession of these bones found near Lebreton. The sketch shown here was drawn by Dr. Rondeau and we are indebted to him for the loan of this, and also for a description of the illustrations. Recently Dr. Rondeau added to his collection a mammoth's molar which weighed nearly seven pounds, and which is eight inches long. This tooth one would imagine, could cause a "roaring" toothache.



Description of sketches

No. 1.—The masticating surface of a molar. This tooth measures 3 inches and a half at its longest diameter.

No. 2.—A vertebra. It measures twelve inches from tip to tip.

No. 3.—An ordinary hammer — sketched to show the comparative size of the bones.

No. 4.—The shoulder or hip blade. It is two feet long and weighs fourteen and a half lbs.

No. 5.—Another bone of the same animal.

(Courtesy "Valley Echo," April 1941)

CEREMONIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

In the administration of the Sacraments and in the celebration of the Mass, the Church makes use of ceremonies; that is, she employs certain forms and rites for the purpose of administering the things of God in a becoming and dignified manner, and properly to impress the faithful with sentiments of faith and piety befitting the occasion.

Ceremonies do not form an essential part of the institution of Christ, most of them having been added by the Church. Consequently they may, by the direction of authority, be changed or omitted without affecting the validity of the Sacraments.

That it is proper and dutiful that divine service and the administration of the Sacraments should be accompanied by ceremonies, may be gathered from the fact that not only the Latin Church but also the ancient Churches of the East abound in ceremonies from a very remote period. Thus we see that the Greek, Armenian, Chaldean, Coptic and other Churches have at all times used ceremonies as well as the Latin Church of Rome. Long experience testifies to the good effect which the use of ceremonies produces on the people.

If solemn ceremonies were not used in the celebration of the Mass, Catholic belief in the real presence of Christ upon our altars would not be fitly expressed. If the faithful saw the altar stripped of ornaments and the officiating priest without distinctive vestments, not bending the knee and not giving any outward token of worship before the consecrated elements, their Catholic instinct would be shocked. On the other hand, when they see the great pains taken and the great cost often incurred for the becoming adornment of the house of God; when they see the priests and their assistants are robed with distinctive emblematic vestments, and especially when they see them bend their knees in humble adoration before the Blessed Sacraments, their faith is strengthened and the practical lesson they receive is likely to produce on them a lasting effect.

—"Catholic Belief."

INDIAN WOMEN REVERSE HELP PROCESS

It used to be the white man's job to help the Indian—send him food and clothing when the fur catch failed and aid him adjust himself to modern living conditions. Now the process has been reversed.

Accompanied by a note saying: "Usually people are helping us; now we can help others not so fortunate as we are", a hamper of clothing has been sent to Vancouver by 18 Indian women of a church circle at Hartley Bay, on the far north coast of British Columbia, to be given needy evacuee children from the United Kingdom.

There are 32 garments in the hamper, beautifully made dresses and underclothing for little girls, knitted garments and socks made by an 11-year-old member of the Junior Red Cross, and babies' woolly clothing.

(Toronto Star)

? THE QUESTION BOX ?

Is it a sin to dance during lent?

The question of dancing or refraining therefrom during lent is not one of sin but one of entering into the spirit of penance and mortification. No-where has our Lord or His Church directly forbidden dancing during lent. But it is customary and becoming that Catholics should deny themselves legitimate pleasures of this nature in order to practice self-denial and enter the true spirit of lent. It is hardly conceivable that Catholics who take part in dancing and similar amusement would not give scandal to thoughtful and right minded Catholics.

Is it wrong to do fancy work such as embroidery or crotcheting on Sunday, if it is done in order to pass the time?

The third commandment forbids servile work on Sunday. The term servile work applies primarily to manual or bodily work undertaken for material gain. Artistic work such as painting, writing, etc., is not forbidden. The same applies to fine knitting such as crotcheting, etc.

We say in the Creed: "The third day He arose again from the dead" and yet we know that Christ was in the tomb only from Good Friday afternoon to Sunday morning, a little over a day and a half. How is this to be understood?

We do not mean three full days, but the parts of three days, Friday afternoon, Saturday, and Sunday morning.

Will you please print the seven last words of our Lord on the Cross and tell where they are found?

1. "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do" (Luke 23:34); 2. "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise" (Luke 23:43); 3. Addressing His Blessed Mother, "Woman, behold thy son," and addressing John, "Behold thy Mother" (John 19:26, 27); 4. "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Matt. 27:46); 5. "I thirst" (John 19:28); 6. "It is consummated" (John 19:30); 7. "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit" (Luke 23:36).

I was told by a good many people that it is a sin to go to an Evangelist to be cured. Is it a mortal sin and would one have to confess it?

To put faith of a supernatural power in any particular word or action that an Evangelist may use without reference to God is wrong and a sin. Such have no extraordinary power of healing. Do not go to them, but with prayer put your trust in God's will. If you have been serious in your belief in this power, just mention in your next confession that you went to an Evangelist to get cured. The confessor will ask more if he thinks it necessary.

Angels are represented to us in different forms. What is their form or figure?

Angels have neither form nor material figure. They are pure spirits created by God in such a way that they exist without having to be united to a body. They are represented to us with bodies to help our imagination, and because they have appeared thus on many occasions to men, as we read in Sacred Scripture.

CATHERINE TEKAKWITHA

(Continued)

20. False Accusation

During the winter hunt a woman in Catherine's company had some suspicion toward the little girl, the only unmarried girl in the camp. One night, that woman waited and waited for her husband gone for hunting. At last she fell asleep. Very late the man came back, very tired of his long walk in the deep snow, and once in the dark lodge, he did not make a long search for his place and threw himself on the mat. The wife, in the early morning, awakened and looked right away to see if her husband was back. Yes, but he was not laying near her couch but near Catherine's. She became very jealous. A while after, she heard her husband inviting Catherine to help him to repair his canoe. It was quite natural, for Tekakwitha was known as being very clever with her hands. But the wife kept silent, although like many Indians, very jealous, she suspected Catherine's chastity.

Back home, her first visit was for the Missionary. Fr. Fremin heard the accusation, but said nothing. He called Catherine to him and told her the charge. She cleared it away by the very way she answered. Instead of vehement protestations, furious words and noisy claims of revenge, the girl just denied the accusation very calmly. Her heroic virtue was endowed with a divine touch: peace. Nothing could trouble her. She was too confident in God. The Black Robe, who had been wise to listen to the story of the accused before coming to a conclusion, was struck by her peaceful innocence. He trusted her. Shortly afterwards, the jealous calumniator recognized she was mistaken, and she was very sad for her injustice. Beautiful example which can teach many people less scrupulous and far more stubborn in their rash judgments.

21. A Friend

One day Catherine was standing before the new chapel which was near completion. Unconsciously she said, in a low voice: "I wonder where my place will be in it." She meant on which side the women will gather, according to the old custom. Then, always on the same tone, "God indeed does like chapels of wood in which to dwell, but He likes better to dwell in our souls. I do not deserve to enter into this chapel of wood, for I have often chased God from my soul and I deserved in my turn to be driven from it with the dogs." At that moment, a woman, a stranger, was standing by, about the same age as Catherine. She looked at her in amazement for those words she had heard were the very words of her own heart at that moment. From that moment they became inseparable friends.

The stranger had had her story. In no way she resembled the other friend of Catherine's, Anastasie, respectable and elderly matron whose good name was known by everybody. The new friend, whose name was Marie Therese Tegaiagenta, had a very bad reputation for drunkenness and though she was now a devout penitent, she was not supposed to have a sound judgment. For many, she was rather an eccentric, a queer convert. Her story was indeed frightful. She had been baptized and married a pagan man. She tried many times to quit her bad habit of drinking. In the winter of 1675 she was with her husband and

a hunting party. Little snow, no game. They starved for weeks on broth of shoe-strings and mocassins. One hunter disappeared and his companions fed on him. Two others were killed for the same purpose. Her husband died of anger. Alone then, she buried him and went her way with her little nephew. She succeeded to join the rest of the party who had forsaken her when her husband was sick. They asked her what she thought of them for they had killed, and she was a Christian. She did not dare to give an answer. But at night in the solitude and silence, she had a terrible fear: were those men ready to kill now a defenceless widow? Remorse for a sinful life choked her with tears. She made a vow that if God would save her, her whole life would change and she would do penance. The next day a little smoke guided them to an Indian encampment where they found enough food. She was saved. Now she had come here to fulfill her vow.

Fr. Guy, O.M.I.

(To be continued)



THE LIFE OF JESUS

VII.—He casts the sellers out of the Temple (John 11-13-22)

Metas Jesus Capharnauming ki pi ija tako ogi widjijanan kaye o kikinohamaganan; atcina dac etti ima ki ayawak. Judawiniwok o kitci kijigatomiwan Pasch aja ki ani peco nagwat geget, kaye Jesus Jerusaleming ki ani ija. Pagidjigewigamikong o ki mikawan eyatawakenit pijikiwan, mamictanican kaye omimin, kaye conia omeckotonomaken ot atoposiniw apitaminit.

Cemak pacanjehegan, piminakwanan ka ondji oj tamasot o ki sakitciniawan Pagidjigewigamikong ondji tako manictanican kaye pijikiwan; mitagamik ki apakinani omeckotonamagen o coniamini, o kigwanapiwepinemihi ot atoposinini. Jikwa oho o kiman ini etawageniban omimim; "Sagisitok ono kakimoma ondji, kego Nosowagahigan, atewewigamik oj cikakewakek." O kikinohamaganan dac jikwa ki mikawan ono ijihibikatenik: "Epitci sagitoyan ki wakahigan nind angohikon."

Wipa ko Judawiniwok, ki ondwevitamok, wegonen kikinawadjitcigan eyayan tci wabandahiyan, ohoka ayindiyen? o ki inawan. "Pikonamok oho Pagidjigewikamik, nisso kunagak aja neyah n'ga kijiton." "Nimitana aci ningotwasso aki ki tajikikate tci ojiton ambe kin, nisso kunagak ki ka kijiton? o ki inawan Judawiniwok."

Jesus dac, win tibinawe wiyaw, Pagidjigewigamik ka ki itang. Wika nawatc api megwa-tcipainang ka ondji apitcipat o kikinomahaganan ki mikawiwon ka ki ikitot, kaye o ki omdji tedwetamini ojibihigan, kaye ono Jesus ot ikitowinan.

Jikwa dac, megwa Jesus Jerusaleming ayat, widjiihiwet Pasch kitci kijikatong, nipiwa anicinaben wabandami nit eji mamandawitotang o ki tebwewakend damini o winsowin. Kawin dac Jesus o ki apenimomotowassin, anic weweni kakina o ki kikeniman. Kawemwetc awyia tci ki wawindamakot anin piko inenatisinit, win tibinawe o ki kikeniman anin eji ayamininiwan.